

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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The Play in Mouseland

From "The Adventures of Finney Foo"

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THE PLAYERS:

THE PRINCESS Maud Mouse
THE PRINCE Sir Mouse
THE BAD MAN John Mouse
THE HERALD Willy Mouse
THE TOY CLOWN Finney Foo

The HERALD blows his trumpet and speaks:

The time, my dear, for this poor act
Is six o'clock, to be exact!

The scene, the castle tower high
With just one window near the sky
At which the princess sits and talks,
While just below the young prince walks!
And down stage right the herald stands
Holding a trumpet in his hands!

The PRINCESS speaks:

Oh, dear, dear, dear! what shall I do?

The PRINCE speaks:

My princess, I will rescue you.
The wicked man who put you there
Will suffer by my sword, I swear!
Indeed, my trusty sword and I
Have seen more wicked dragons die
Then you can count on both your hands!

The HERALD speaks:

With flashing eyes the princess stands!

The PRINCESS

You've told me that quite times enough,
I'm sure you're nothing but a bluff.
You boast and brag and strut about
And yet I feel without a doubt
That if you saw the Bad Man who —

The HERALD

Enter Mr. Finney Foo!

The PRINCE

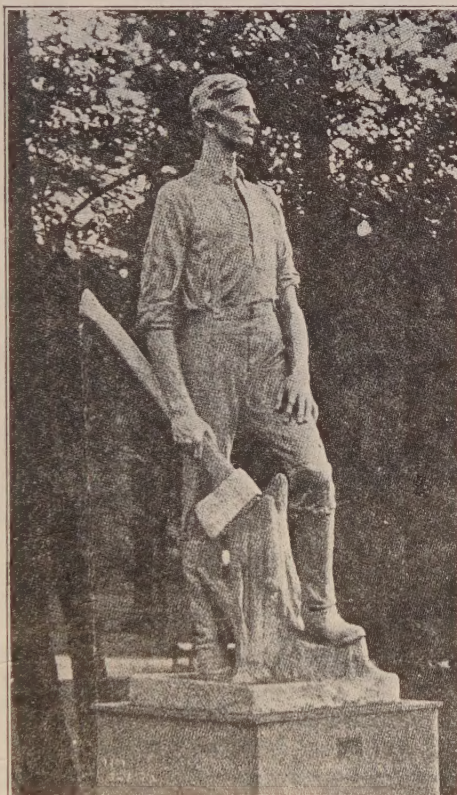
Hulloa, hulloa, what have we here?
Naught but a silly clown, I fear.

FINNEY FOO speaks:

A clown I am. Your words are true.
I pray you tell me who are you.

The PRINCE

I am the prince so brave and bold
Whose deeds you frequently hear told.
I've killed six giants with one blow.
I've been where no man dares to go.



Statue by Charles J. Mulligan

LINCOLN, THE RAIL SPLITTER

The grip that swung the ax on Sangamon
Was on the pen that spelled Emancipation.

He built the rail-pile as he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength through
every blow,

The conscience of him testing every
stroke,

To make his deed the measure of a man.

EDWIN MARKHAM, in
"Lincoln, the Man of the People."

I've turned whole rivers from their beds.
I've shot ten dragons in their heads!
And do you know that in one hour
I'll take the princess from yon tower!

The HERALD

Finney looks up to the window high
And sees the princess wink an eye!

FINNEY FOO

My good sir, what a man you are!
There is none like you near or far!
But tell me of this princess fair,—
Who holds her in the tower there?

The PRINCE

A wicked, wicked, wicked man
Who snatched her from her home and ran
Straight to this tower high and thick —

FINNEY FOO

Good land, it was a cruel trick!

The PRINCE

'Tis said he is in sooth a beast
With twenty-seven heads at least.
Take my advice and run off quick!

The HERALD

Enter the Bad Man with a stick!

The PRINCE

If you should see him coming now
You'd fall down flat! O-WHOW!
O-WHOW!

The HERALD

That prince so bold, what do you think?
He turns and flees quick as a wink!

The BAD MAN speaks:

Fie-fi-fie-fi, Mr. Circus Clown,
Out of my way or I'll knock you down!

The HERALD

The Princess calls to Finney Foo.

The PRINCESS

O Mr. Clown, please save me — do!

FINNEY FOO

I will, I will, don't be afraid;
For just such things brave men were
made!

The BAD MAN

Ah-ha, ah-ha! Oh-ho, oh-ho!
My poor dear clown, you don't say so!

The PRINCESS

Oh, take me from this prison tower
And break the Bad Man's wicked power!

FINNEY FOO

I will, I will, I'll do my best;
Of my good strength this is a test.

The HERALD

And Finney with a clever blow
Lays the wicked Bad Man low!
Rescues the princess from the tower —
All this in less than half an hour!
Beneath the window now they stand;
Finney bends o'er the princess' hand.

The PRINCESS

I've noticed that in life 'tis true
That those who boast but seldom do,
While those who have not much to say
Do lots of good in a quiet way!
A thousand thanks, my brave, kind
friend!

The HERALD

And so this little play doth end!

"Rock of Ages" Jimmy

By Frances Margaret Fox

JIMMY is a Lake Superior gull who considers himself owner of the "Rock of Ages." As a matter of fact, the United States Government owns this particular "Rock of Ages" which is an island rock in Lake Superior three miles to the southwest of Isle Royale. On the rock, and seeming to be part of it, is one of the finest lighthouses in the United States.

In the tower, which rises straight out of the solid rock, the light-keeper lives with three assistants. In the two sub-cellars, wood, coal and engines are stored. In one of the cellars is the furnace. Above these cellars in the foundation, there is a sort of gallery or deck surrounding the tower, and on this platform the boats and derrick are kept. The boats are lowered into the water by the huge derrick. There is a shaft through the center of the tower in which are the weights that are wound up for the light.

The first floor above the foundation is the engine room, full of all sorts of engines. On the second floor in the round tower is the office with polished hardwood floors, a storeroom for supplies, and a bath.

On the third floor is the kitchen. The light-keeper's wife says it is the prettiest kitchen she ever saw. She would much enjoy a chance to keep house in a kitchen like that. The pantry has rounding shelves, and all the furniture is built in.

On the floor above the rounding kitchen is the bedroom for the light-keeper and his first assistant. On the fifth floor is the bedroom for the second and third assistants. Both rooms are provided with hot and cold running water.

Then on up the winding stairs we go to the sixth floor which is the watchroom. A circular deck surrounds the watchroom, only Uncle Sam's light-keepers do not call their lofty outlook a deck.

Above all is the wonderful light. The light-keeper will tell you that "the illuminating apparatus is a powerful 'lightning light' lens made in France, its characteristic being a double white flash every ten seconds, visible, under ordinary conditions of the atmosphere, for a distance of twenty-one miles."

Although the lighthouse is so beautiful and so perfectly equipped, it is a lonely place in which to live. Once the men had a dog for company, but the dog made more trouble than he was worth. When the men went to the mainland the dog was always placed in a sack and lowered by the derrick into the boat. In time that intelligent animal learned to climb into the sack himself when he saw by the signs that his friends were planning to leave the rock.

One morning long after the final departure of the dog, the lonely men saw an unusual sight on the water. When they discovered that it was a gull caught in a fish line and about to drown, they put out in a rowboat to the rescue. Then they found that the reason the gull could not get free and fly away was because its leg was broken.

The good men took the gull to the "Rock of Ages" and cared for it as tenderly as if it had been a shipwrecked sailor. They put splints on its leg, fed it, and named it Jimmy.

As Jimmy would naturally feel more at home in the fresh air than he would inside the lighthouse, he was left in a sheltered place where he could gaze over the "Big Sea Water" and feel perfectly at home even though he was in a sort of hospital.

Of course the men gave Jimmy orders not to stir until his leg was mended. Of course Jimmy winked at them and did as he pleased. Before he had become the least bit tame and before he knew that he had been adopted as a pet, he left his hospital and flew about as he saw fit. Never again did he allow a man to touch him. However, he was a wise bird and so chose the "Rock of Ages" for his home.

The men had always thrown out their refuse for the hungry gulls, so Jimmy

had enough to eat without hard work. In a surprisingly short time, though, he could go fishing again. Like all the other gulls he was soon able to catch a big fish and swallow it whole, causing him to bulge out in queer-looking lumps all over from his neck to his tail. He was greedy, too, like the rest of his family.

Before the season was ended Jimmy was as lively as any gull on the Great Lakes in spite of his stiff leg. When he flew away in late autumn his friends believed they had seen the last of their Jimmy. However, the following spring, back he came, with the splints still bound to his leg.

It is probably because he wears the splints that Jimmy believes he owns Uncle Sam's "Rock of Ages," lighthouse and all. Anyway he has become the most quarrelsome bird in all that wild region. Every other gull that wishes to share in the feasts provided by the light-keeper and his assistants has to fight Jimmy. So, from dawn until sunset, Uncle Sam's Jimmy fights and quarrels with his own family and all strangers that wear wings, to keep them from his home. What the light-keeper in that far-away spot wrote to his wife, is true:

"Jimmy thinks he owns the rock!"

Valentines

By Emma Florence Bush

FOUR miles from the nearest valentine store Kenneth and Evelyn were staying, and it was the twelfth of February.

"Just two days more," said Evelyn mournfully.

"And no valentines," said Kenneth; "and father says the snow is so deep he cannot take us to town as he planned."

"What shall we do?" they both sighed.

Last week father told them he expected to take the long ride to the nearest town in a few days and he would try to make it Saturday when there was no school, so they could go with him. Last Saturday it had snowed all day, and Sunday and Monday, and now, although the sun was shining, the drifts were so high and deep father said it would be impossible to drive to town. Indeed, the roads had been so bad that there had been no school.

Mother came in just in time to hear the last words. "Tired of staying at home?" she said. "You can soon go to school again. Father has heard school will begin day after tomorrow, so you can have your school valentine party after all."

"We haven't any valentines," sobbed Evelyn; "everyone else has theirs I guess, but father was going to take us to town to buy ours, and now there won't be any left in the village, even if we

ould get up there. They have so few anyway, 'cause theirs is not a real valentine store."

"I shouldn't cry," said mother cheerfully. "You have two whole days to make valentines in, and if we get about it right away we can make one for each of your schoolmates."

"But we haven't anything to make them with," said Kenneth. "Evelyn and I looked all through our boxes and things

and there isn't enough of anything to make them. Why, we want thirty of them!"

"Up in the attic," said mother quietly — although she smiled a little — "is a box I think you didn't look into. In it you will find all the things left from the valentine party we had just before we moved to the farm. There are crepe-paper napkins, rolls of crepe paper, table runners, and something I think

you will find the most useful of all, if I remember rightly."

Kenneth and Evelyn made a dash for the attic, and soon returned carrying the large box. Mother opened it and took out a smaller box. Opening it the children saw a lot of pieces of pasteboard in the form of hearts. They counted them and found fifteen.

Mother put them one side, then she said, "In another box in the attic you will find a lot of little candy boxes. Bring me fifteen of the half-pound size and we will go to work."

After that, fingers and tongues flew busily. When father came in to supper, fifteen boxes, all lined with paper with valentine symbols on it, and trimmed with valentine cupids on the outside, stood in a row. Beside them were the fifteen little heart-shaped cups.

"We are going to fill them tomorrow," the children explained. "Mother said she would help us, but we don't know what with," and they went to bed as excited and happy as if it were the night before Christmas instead of Valentine's Day.

When mother explained her secret in the morning they were so excited they could hardly help her. First she mixed up a cake batter, and Kenneth arranged the heart-shaped cups in a big tin pan. Then they filled them with the batter and put them in the oven, and a little later out came fifteen little heart-shaped cakes all ready to be frosted in pink and white, wrapped in a real valentine crepe-paper napkin and put in the basket they were to take to school.

Then mother made cooky dough and Evelyn took the little heart-shaped cooky cutter and carefully cut out hearts enough to fill the candy boxes and when they were baked and cooled they were carefully packed in the boxes wrapped in their valentine wrappings.

And the happy children who received the valentines said they were glad that Kenneth and Evelyn did not get to town but had to make their own.

The Queer Little Month

BY ELEANOR HAMMOND

February now is here —
Strangest month in all the year!

For in Leap Year he grows taller
While in other years he's smaller!

There's no other month, I know,
That can shrink and that can grow!

And, though February's small,
He has holidays for all.

Lincoln's birthday now is near,
Washington's is almost here.

And upon his Fourteenth Day
Valentines will come this way!



THE CROW'S NEST

BY
WAITSTILL
HASTINGS
SHARP

Text: Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things.—Matthew 25: 21.

WELL, if here isn't another of these holidays coming at the end of the week — just like Christmas and New Year's — so that we have to write about it almost seven days away or else on the next day — and that always seems too late. But of course we can't forget what Lincoln's birthday means to us and to our great country for which he gave his life.

What seems to you the greatest thing that we all can think about when someone mentions the name, Abraham Lincoln? We are going up into The Crow's Nest this morning after an answer to that question.

Last Sunday I said that most of the boys and girls who say so often: "I never can do what I want to do. I am never trusted!" would never have to say it if they just proved by what they did that they were to be treated as equals. Then when they proved that they could be treated as equals they would always be trusted to use their good common sense. And then all kinds of good things would steer right into them — all kinds of privileges. In a nutshell: *Growing up means growing to be trusted.* We are put on our own as soon as we come to ourselves.

And yet there are thousands of boys and girls and men and women, too, who never come to themselves. Fathers and mothers are supposed to take care of the boys and girls who don't come to themselves, and what happens to the men and women who don't grow up? This is what sometimes happens. One of these people goes into a store and tries to grab someone's pocketbook. He is caught; the po-

lice wagon comes and all of a sudden the man finds that he has a new father and mother who will put him in a cage with steel bars and let him think it all over while he breaks rock or makes furniture. This new father and mother is the "State" which locks people up who can't play square and takes away from them the right to be trusted to use their heads. Did you ever think of jail in this way?

This is what happens to people who CAN'T be trusted. What happens to people who CAN be trusted? No end of great things! The man who can be trusted most is given the biggest thing to do for the people who trust him. The man who can be relied on to do the finest job is given the finest tools.

What is the biggest thing that the people of this great land of ours — 110,000,000 of them — call a man to do because they trust him? The biggest job, of course, is running this country. We call the man who does that the President of the United States. We ask him to do that tremendous job because we think he is the best man for it, — we trust him to use his head.

When do you think our trust is greater — in quiet peace or in a great war? In a great war, of course. Perhaps the country will be destroyed. We trust our President then to bring us safely through. And when we think of all our terrible wars when did we have to trust one man the most? In the terrible Civil War, when almost the whole world thought that our country would be broken in two by the people in the northern half fighting and killing their brothers in the southern half.

And WHO was the man who was trusted to keep the country one great nation? Abraham Lincoln was the man to whom more Americans have given a greater trust than to any other man. Abraham Lincoln was given this great trust when he was a man because when he was growing up he always proved himself worthy of trust. He was always using his head to do the right thing and to do the right wisely. We don't often elect a president without a past. Abraham Lincoln had the right kind of past.

The greatest thing about Abraham Lincoln is that he could be trusted. He was "Honest Abe" — early in his great life.



THE BEACON CLUB

THE EDITOR'S POST BOX

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 16 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

31 MERRIAM PARKWAY,
FITCHBURG, MASS.

Dear Editor: I became a member of the Beacon Club a year or two ago. I have lately lost my pin and should be glad if you would send me another. I enclose a two-cent stamp for postage.

I have seen, while looking over *The Beacon*, that some of the Club members are saving stamps. I have been saving stamps about three years. I have five thousand different stamps and many duplicates. I am very much interested in collecting them.

Yours respectfully,
GERALD PAGE.

48 HANCOCK AVE.,
MEDFORD, MASS.

Dear Editor: Having a stamp column would be very interesting. I approve of it very much. I have a few foreign stamps as well as American stamps. Exchanging stamps with correspondents would interest me very much. I am very proud to be a member of the Beacon Club.

Sincerely,
BARBARA LYDSTONE.

RIVER ROAD,
HUDSON, MASS.

Dear Editor: I should like to belong to the Beacon Club. I go to Wayside Mission. Mr. Patterson is the superintendent and Mrs. Guy is my Sunday-school teacher. I am twelve years old and in the sixth grade. I should like to hear from someone of my age.

Yours truly,
FLORENCE CUMMINGS.

5363 WATERMAN AVE.,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

Dear Editor: I am nine years old and I go to the Unitarian Sunday School in St. Louis. My Sunday-school teacher is Mrs. Gumersheimer. I like her very much. Our minister's name is Dr. Sullivan. He tells us a story every Sunday and it is always interesting. I should like to become

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

THE CUBS' COLUMN

Dear Cubs: The winners of awards this week are Gladys Leavens, of the Bulfinch Place Church, Boston, for her verse entitled "My Temper," and Mary Dunning, of Rochester, N. Y., for her vivid picture of a storm at sea.

THE BEACON CLUB EDITOR.

My Temper

BY GLADYS LEAVENS (AGE 13)

When Temper gets the best of me
And I speak very angrily,
Then all the world seems mean and
cross,—
I see I have not gained but lost.

When I am asked to do a thing
And grumble low instead of sing,
It never comes out half as good
As if I'd done it as I should.

When with rage I'm fiery red
And from my lips bold words have sped,
I say many things I hate to admit
And do many things I don't like one bit.

If happiness in life I'd see
Then Temper must not govern me;
I must learn and sing and love and do
All good things folks want me to.

A Storm at Sea

BY MARY DUNNING (AGE 13)

The angry sea tossed the little boat
high upon the crest of the waves. Suddenly, like a voice from above, a light shone upon the little boat. The helmsman gave a sigh of relief as he saw that the light came from a tall and stately lighthouse. A crash of thunder like that of an earthquake resounded over the waste of waters, the angry waves gave one mighty leap, then all was quiet. But the little boat was no more.

a member of the Beacon Club very much.
I will try to write some good poems.

Sincerely yours,
BETTY HITCHCOCK.

PUZZLERS

Enigma

I am composed of 22 letters.
6-10-3-17 is something near; 5-7-16-19
13 is vision; 22-8-2-14-4-12 is folds; 20
1-9 is a small tool; 18-15-11-21-8 is a
tangle.

My *whole* is familiar to readers of *The Beacon*.

"WEST ROXBURY."

Transpositions

Transpose—

1. A famous city of Europe, and get an additional quantity.
2. A South American city, and get coat of mail.
3. A country of South America, and get clean and undiluted.
4. Flesh food, and get a pair of horses.
5. A young animal, and get a plant.

E. O. S.

Word Square

1. To heat by the fire.
2. Willow used in basket making.
3. A passageway in a church or hall.
4. Parts with for money.
5. A lock of hair.

—E. D. A. in *Scattered Seeds*

Answers to Puzzles in No. 17

Enigma.—Sunday-school lesson.
Riddle.—Mark.

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